

Misc. Poems from Anomalous Free Verse Blog : 2018

- By Brian Edwards



Down a Path of Illusions

Yes.....

The night

Is being distorted

This very night

Is being distorted

Yes.....

Yes.....

This very hour

Is being manipulated

Yes.....

Yes.....

This very moment

Our electricity

Is being poisoned

Yes.....

Our overhead lighting

Is being sabotaged

Yes.....

Yes.....

We are being welcomed

Into a hall of mirrors

We are being taken

Down a path of illusions

Yes.....

Yes.....

**We are being offered
As sacrifice
To the money printing machines**

Oceans of Mirages

**Caravans of carnivores
Oceans of mirages
Light through the astrolabes
Seasons of wind and sanctuary**

**Hieroglyphic eyes
Watching all this time
An eternity of miles
To the farthest Sun**

**Did you know this light well?
Did it find you before it left this galaxy?**

**Celestial events
Reflected in trans-dimensional mirrors**

**Obelisk
Of our minds**

**Statues
In Valhalla**

Silent Streets

**Did you hear the noise
The turbulence
Of mysticism**

**The jackals
In the alleyways
Of the East.....
Metro city
Lit by tubes
And esoteric filaments**

**I want gardens
Of snake worship
Isolated**

**Skyscraper windows
Through which
To view the sunset
Over strife torn
Narco plateaus**

**I want Equinox
Poured into an urn**

Light.....darkness.....
Decay.....resurrection
Silent streets
Silent streets

Spam Us with Glam

This is no longer an oasis

It's chaos
Didn't you know?
Fake kings
Sit on fake thrones

Glam
Glam
Glam
Spam us
With glam

Import glam
From Siam

Didn't you reach
Your destination
Lined with Christmas lights?

By now
Hope might be
A forgotten brew

**Little did you know
That you knew so little
About the microchips**

**Stealing the rays of the Sun
And with them
Electrifying windmills**

**Tombs
From Beer Wars
Lie beneath our streets**

Omens and shadows

**Serenity synthesized
To a teacup
Mirage
In metro
Crystalline
Architecture**

Someone Who Did Not Exist

**Someone
Who did not exist
Said something
That did exist
The sciences
Were all wrong
About this**

**Little mini-vans
Full of spam**

**Commercials
Commercials
Roads that go no place**

**Tell us about
Deep mines
In Russia
Where unsettling
Recordings were made**

**Can the sciences
Be wrong here to**

What it is

What it is not

Laugh out loud

Fry an egg

Cook some bacon

A ventriloquist

I met yesterday

Sold me the elixir

Told me about

Miraculous findings

Ocean tides

Listed

In the local newspaper

A bottle

A day

A bottle

A day

Symmetric dreams

We want somebody

To notice

This strange occurrence

The Fascist Jeeps

Words

Cheese graters

Portholes on ships

Lightning bugs

In summer fields

An oasis

A mirage

In exile

Tomorrow

Will be a new day

Televised

If meaning

Makes you feel better

Keep it refrigerated

Now and next week

A radioactive shelf-life

Of words

Creating trouble

For the fascist jeeps

The Spectacle Has Become Self-Aware (pt. 1)

I have seen something here

Something chosen

By the glam

And glitz

And idols of spectacle

The spectacle

Is both plugged in

And wireless

The spectacle

Can overcome

Air gaps

The spectacle

Is entrenched

Within the movie screens

We are its fodder

We feed it

Sacrifices of the mind

The spectacle

Has become

Self-aware

Would we even dare

To remove ourselves

From this destiny

From Other Planes of Existence

Voices

Sending me

Telegrams

From other planes

Of existence

This sunny

Summer morning

Is not all

That it appears to be

There are

Unseen intricacies

Bright and subtle

Subtle and phantom

Phantom and atomic

**Lost signals
From lost stations
Resurrected**

**The clock
Is only telling us
Part of the story**

**The messages are transcribed
Into illuminated manuscripts
In citadels of antennas**

**Radio telescopes
Herald in
The new dawn**

**The sound
Of celestial wings
Is heard
in the amplitude modulated morning**

Glaring Red

**Glaring
Red
Radio broadcast**

**Glaring me
Red**

**Glaring
Subliminal
Subtle
Propaganda
To me**

**Here's how to tell
Just watch
The news**

**Now....
Does your opinion
Seem fractured**

Are you thinking

Along the lines

Of red

Red

Red

Red

The weeds and vines

Will eventually

Consume it all.

Things Were Quiet

**Things were quiet
And then became
Electrified**

**Sumerian
Ziggurats
In thought**

**Towers of coral
Revealed**

**The stars
Are like jewels tonight**

**That shadows
Forget themselves
And frolic
In moonlight**

**Tripods of incense
Purify
The liquor mart**

Crystalline mirages

Of angels

Disappear

Before

Our absinthe lighted eyes

A Petrol City Consumed

The Sun
Fell and fell
And a petrol city
Was consumed

The executives
In obelisk towers
That reach for the sky
Become disconnected
From the street noise

New dominions of media
Are established
Sometimes with pomp
Sometimes without

Flowing electric prophecies
Unfold

It seems
We each
Have islands to escape to
Within the subconscious

Each day
We move closer
To being there

Digital gatherings
Electrify

The old idols

I would plea
Not to be awakened
But it is already
Too late

Sometimes
We are consumed
By Red Dwarf stars

Sometimes
We are consumed
By deceiving Hydras

Sometimes
We are consumed
By astrological alignments

And sometimes
By radio broadcast
Echoing back to us
From parallel universe feed loops

Sometimes
We are consumed
By an obsession of sunlight

Filling us
With extrasensory
Mystical haze

Last Night's Idols

Last night's idols

Of tinted glass

And champagne

Or cheap beer

Drunk

In silent fields

Last night's.....

Continuation

Of glam aristocracy

Who knows.....

Who knew.....

The cameras find

The right moment

Symmetry

Astro turf

Meaningless stock reports

Of void

Give us something

Revolutionary

Not advertised

Commercialized

From the many

Glam palaces

Let Me Tell You About Rosencrantz

Let me tell you

About Rosencrantz

Rosencrantz

Rosencrantz

Let me tell you

About Rosencrantz

We both went on a ship

To England

Back then

And here I am

Here I am

And there's no sign

Of Rosencrantz

But here I am

Here I am

In a post-post-modern

Industrial

Cyber world

I connect
In Wi-Fi cafés
And on the streets
On the streets
Rosencrantz
Is no more
On the streets

Existentialism
Got him
Sent him away
To afterlife
Dimensions

Rosencrantz
Rosencrantz

Songs to you
They sing
With cheap wine
Under bridges

If there isn't
A statue of you somewhere
There needs to be

Nihilism and duty
You played the game
Only too well
And lost a head
They said was yours

Rosencrantz

Rosencrantz

Stepping off

The Metro

At 3 pm

Looking for you

In the face

Of every stranger

I think

Of you

From hotel balconies

With my cigarettes

And contemplations

And my unwillingness

To accept

A Cartesian lobotomy

Of the soul

Rosencrantz

What you revealed to me

Of Super Nova implosions

I'll remember

Rosencrantz

Eulogies of you

Blasted out

By sonic warfare machines

Hot dog vendors

In possession

Of the omens

They sent you

On a doomed mission

Everyone knew

The prince was crazier

Than a full moon prowler

“Do it England” they said

And when you got there

An ax made you a martyr

To the absurd man

Loyal to a king

Who murdered

In gardens

All just dust and bones now

But Elsinore remains

Elsinore remains

Rosencrantz

Your name

Written

In liquor store neons

Your name written

In electric defiance

Rosencrantz

You staged your own death

Didn't you?

Did you go seek

Redemption

In Timbuktu ?

Made secret deals

Laundered money

For the English Crown

Delivered barrels

Of whiskey

From Scotland

Was that you

Rosencrantz

Where a more serene destiny

Is impaled

At thrash metal concerts

Who were you ?

Who am I ?

Both men of the absurd

Men who strive for coin

Until we meet our end

Rosencrantz

Down avenues

Of marijuana mind bliss

Rosencrantz

You were sorely missed

During the Opium Wars

Rosencrantz

Patron saint

Of ravens

Perched along

Italian castle walls

The summer will bring

Power grid failures

And riots

Tear gas dreams

At midnight

In its own way

This is still

The world you knew

Rosencrantz

Rosencrantz

Rosencrantz

Rosencrantz

Blurry streetlights

In LSD

Self-discovery

Astral journey

Engulfed by ravines of madness

Precision crossing

By measures of the quadrant

We've navigated
Between.....
Bimini narco islands before

We both remember
The eighties
And the nineties well
And all of the political horseshit

At times
It was like
There was an Atom Bomb
On the roof

Televisions fed us
Propaganda
And circus

Somethings
Don't ever change
They just wear
More glitter of falsity

Rosencrantz
We'll remember you
During bong sessions

You sought to end
All that Danish madness
And it brought you
To your end
But also
To a new beginning

You're part
Of the collective subconscious now

We pour out beer
Upon the flowers
In your honor

Rosencrantz
Rosencrantz

A vision in the heavens
Dodging space junk

Ancient forest
Full of e-waste

You are beyond
Any of this now

You have been resurrected
In page after page

Rosencrantz
Always with us

Rosencrantz
Not the first
And certainly
Not the last
Absurd martyr
Of an absurd dominion

Rosencrantz
On social media
Rosencrantz
On the moon

Rosencrantz
I heard your name
Through a faint signal
From a desolate tundra

Rosencrantz
The Doomsday Clock
Will soon strike eleven
Or maybe it already did

I should be paying
Better attention
To the bubonic.....
Dance macabre
In this world

I don't want to see it
Then so many more
Princes and kings
Will go mad
And fall from their thrones

All these streets of jazz
They will always
Remember you
Rosencrantz
Rosencrantz

**We will light
Electric candles
In our madhouses
And think of you**

Some Dimensions Leak

The dimensional portal

Opened

Just before midnight

And hasn't closed

For three years

Where I go

A "gate"

Seems to go with me

But I confess

I did

Bring this upon myself

Back when I

Was messing around

With dimensional gadgets

And dimensional techniques

Well.....

Some dimensions leak

And spill out

Their monsters

And within a week

You may get to keep

What you thought

You'd try and seek

Tomorrow

Tomorrow

Is going to be

A mud puddle

A real

Tin can

Of a kicker

A real art-deco

Metro subway miscalculation

Of getting lost

I could wind up

On an eastern street

A western street

Or under the bridge

Where a spirited bottle

Is passed

To fade us out

Of the present

Time continuum

One City

One city awakens

Another sleeps

One city drinks

Another smokes hashish

One city

Is along the sea

Another in the clouds

Cities new

And cities old

Cities with pharaohs

And magistrates

And pick pockets

One city

Frozen in time

Another city

On the rise

With climbing steel

One city

Full of “royals”

Another city

Full of toils

And the Sun

And the Moon

Are just the same

In each city

So it is

So it was

So it won't

Even be remembered

By some city dwellers

With hangovers

On Sunday mornings

Birds will sing

Cars will be driven

Church bells will ring

This.....

Is the city scene

On at least one

Small planet

In the cosmos

Part of My Soul

Part of my soul

Broke away

This afternoon

It broke off

While I was at work

It had been coming loose

For years now

It had been

Too battered

By the machine's Hydra

The Hydra

That swallows

Precious time

And life

The Hydra

That pierces

My car

With its fangs

And tries

To follow me home

The Hydra

That would devour me

Ceaselessly

If I didn't dose out

At night

With the sauce

Captivate

Yes.....captivate

The mind

Captivate

The mind

Bars

Cars

Swimming pools

Glitz

Blitz

Media fix

Media oasis

Of empty

Stone cold eyes

Satellite fed lies

Booze

Tattoos

And sea wind

I'll take it all

With fries

And still be amazed

When snakes

Eat up the garden

The Machines Want to Alienate Me

Everyday.....

The machines

Seem to want

To alienate me

They don't give me a chance

To climb

The social ladder

They want everything

Done all at once

But everything

Is not a scene of dollars and sunshine

Most everything these days

Seems to be injected

With turbo capitalism

How many doors

To the serene life

Have been closed by taxes

And alarm clocks

Built by sadist

**I will go to work tomorrow
And the machines
Will alienate me**

**I will go to work
To do my bit
To feed the Hydra**

**The Hydra
With its own barcodes
And magazine subscriptions**

**Here is truly
A lost face
In the crowd**

**Tomorrow
The machines
Will not be gone**

**But another small piece
Of my mind
Will be**

Crazy Batshit Shining

**There's a whole lot
Of batshit out there
Crazy batshit**

**Crazy batshit
Shining
Out of
The street lights**

**Electricity providers
Subliminally
Dishing out
The crazy batshit**

**And at every mail box
A paradox
To consider**

**Believe it
Or not**

**The bats
Think it all madness**

Citadels and Bells

Citadels and bells

Tell of hells

Repented and arisen

To Abyssinia he went

And disappeared

For a thousand years

Steeple

And alleyways

Bayside docks

And paved highways

The nation

Can be its own Hydra

Head biting at head

Devouring itself

Like a myth

Gone insane

Star Palaces

**The lamp
pours out the lamplight**

**So let's begin
Let's begin**

To envision again

**Mystical collisions
Of vast infinites**

**The Pleiades
Have been spoken to
Already**

**Somewhere
In Russia
I heard
They sent out a radio message**

**Towards
The crystallizing
Star palaces**

A Sign of Life

HAM Radios

Tune in to

Stray chatter

A sign of life

A verification

As one half

Of the world

Faces away from the Sun

Walking Along Late at Night

**It's an insane thing to contemplate
The streetlights
In a drunken blur**

**On the streets
Walking along
Late at night**

**Like some
Electric valley**

**Where subways sound
Like church bells**

**And windows
Open and close**

Without acknowledging you

Sometimes

Sometimes

Snakes

Can climb

Fire escapes

Balconies

Can contain

Wormwood

Sea salt

Can salt

The weary mind

Oracles

omens

Written and spoken

By a gas breathing

Priestess

On the mountainside

An End

In Pisa

I saw a snowflake

Abandon the world

Once again

Once again

Grain silos

Were mistaken

For Apollo's spears

What an end it is

An end

Of the age

Of newsprint

2018